

**The Juniata Sentinel.**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1849.  
Published Every Wednesday Morning,  
Bridge Street, opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every  
Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-  
vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid  
promptly in advance. No subscriptions dis-  
continued until all arrears are paid, unless  
at the option of the publisher.

**Business Cards.**  
**ROBERT McMEEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
Office on Bridge Street, in the room formerly  
occupied by Ezra D. Parker, Esq.  
**ALEX. K. McCURE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
**S. B. LOUDEN,**  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-  
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of  
charges from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-  
tion warranted. [Nov 20-03.]

**THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,**  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in  
Belford's building, two doors above the Street  
office, Bridge street. [Aug 18-17]

**DR. P. C. RUNDIO,**  
**DRUGGIST,**  
PATTERSON, PENN'A.  
August 18, 1869-17.

**D. C. SMITH, M. D.,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON  
Having permanently located in the borough  
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services  
to the citizens of this place and surrounding  
country.  
[Office on Main street, over Reider's Drug  
Store. Aug 18 1869-17]

**G. W. McPHERRAN,**  
Attorney at Law,  
601 Sanson Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Aug 18 1869-17  
CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY.  
**JAMES M. SELLERS,**  
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Real Estate, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse  
Claims, State Claims, &c., promptly collected.  
No charge for information, nor when money is  
not collected. [Oct 27-17]

**WILLIAM WINE,**  
Mifflintown, Pa.,  
Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN  
ORGANS for Juniata county. These are  
the best ORGANS now made. Suited to all  
circumstances. Prices ranging from \$100  
to \$1000.  
Also Agent for FIRST CLASS PIANOS.  
All instruments well warranted for five years.  
Aug 2 1870-17.

**LEBANON MUTUAL  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
of Jonestown, Pa.**  
POLICIES Perpetual, at low rates. No  
steep risks taken. This is one of the  
best conducted and most reliable Companies  
in the State. The agent, generally, are respect-  
ably situated, and the agents on the second  
Wednesday of each month.  
**JOHN SWAN,**  
Agent for Mifflin and Juniata counties.  
Lewistown Aug 27, 1870-17

**MALVERN HAT SHOP.**—Thom-  
as Malvern has established himself in  
McAllister's in the Tinning business.  
Persons wanting any thing in his line should  
call before purchasing elsewhere as he is  
prepared to manufacture all kinds of Tin and  
Sheet Iron Ware, and to sell as low as they  
can be purchased elsewhere. His old  
customers and the public generally are respect-  
fully invited to call, as he hopes by strict at-  
tention to business to deserve a share of patronage.  
Aug 18 1869-17  
**JACOB G. WINNEY**

**CLARK & FRANK,**  
**HARDWARE DEALERS,**  
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.  
Iron, Steel, Nails, Nail Rods, Horse Shoes,  
Carpenters, Builders, Carriage Makers, Cab-  
inet Makers and House Furnishing  
**HARDWARE**  
Call before purchasing elsewhere, at  
CLARK & FRANK,  
Mifflintown, Pa.  
Aug 18, 1869-17

**BEST CIGARS IN TOWN**  
**Hollobaugh's Saloon.**  
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Freshest Lager,  
the Largest Oysters, the sweetest Claret, the  
Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any-  
thing you may wish in the  
**EATING OR DRINKING LINE,**  
at the most reasonable prices. He has also  
refitted his  
**BILLIARD HALL,**  
so that it will now compare favorably with  
any Hall in the interior of the State.  
June 1, 1870-17

# Juniata Sentinel

VOLUME XXIV, NO. 43. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., OCTOBER 26, 1870. WHOLE NUMBER 1232

**Sewing Machines,**  
THE CELEBRATED SINGER  
**SEWING MACHINE**  
THE superior merits of the "Singer" Ma-  
chine over all others, for either family  
or manufacturing purposes, are so well  
established and so generally admitted, that  
an enumeration of their relative excellencies  
is no longer considered necessary.  
OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE,  
which has been years in preparation and  
which has been brought to perfection regard-  
less of time, labor or expense, and is now  
constantly presented to the public as em-  
phatically the best Sewing Machine in ex-  
istence.  
The Machine in question is simple, com-  
pact, durable and beautiful. It is quiet, light  
running, and capable of performing a range  
and variety of work never before attempt-  
ed on a single Machine—using either Silk,  
Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing  
with equal facility the very finest and coarsest  
materials, and anything between the two ex-  
tremes, in the most beautiful and substantial  
manner. Its attachments for hemming, blind-  
ing, cording, tucking, quilting, felling, trim-  
ming, binding, etc., are novel and practical,  
and have been invented and adjusted espe-  
cially for this Machine.  
Machines always kept on hand at our  
Clothing Store on Bridge street, Mifflintown,  
Pa., for the inspection of the public, and for  
sale at the most reasonable prices.  
Machine Cotton, Needles, Thread, Oil, &c.,  
and everything pertaining to this Machine  
constantly kept on hand for sale.  
D. W. HARLEY & CO., Agents,  
Mifflintown, July 13, 1870-17

**GROVER & BAKER'S  
SEWING MACHINE.**  
The following are selected from thou-  
sands of testimonials of similar character,  
as expressing the reasons for the preference  
for the GROVER & BAKER Machines over  
all others.  
"I like the Grover & Baker Machine,  
the first place, because, if I had any other,  
I should still want a Grover & Baker, and  
having a Grover & Baker, it answers the purpose  
of all the rest. It does a greater variety of  
work and it is easier to learn than any other."  
—Mrs. J. C. Gray (Jenny) [Oct 17-17]

"I have had several years' experience with  
a Grover & Baker Machine, which has given  
me great satisfaction. I think the Grover &  
Baker Machine is more easily managed, and  
less liable to get out of order. I prefer the  
Grover & Baker, decidedly." —Mrs. Dr. Watts,  
New York.  
"I have had one in my family for some two  
years, and from what I know of its workings,  
and from the testimony of many of my  
friends who are the same, I can hardly see  
how anything could be more complete or give  
better satisfaction." —Mrs. General Grant.  
"I believe it to be the best, all things con-  
sidered, of any that I have known." It is  
very simple and easily learned; the sewing  
from the ordinary spool is a great advan-  
tage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does  
ornamental work beautifully; it is not liable  
to get out of order." —Mrs. A. M. Spitzer, 30  
Bond Street, Brooklyn.

"I am acquainted with the work of the  
principal machines; and I prefer the Grover &  
Baker to them all, because I consider the  
stitch more elastic. I have worked now in the  
house which was done many years ago, which  
is still good." —Mrs. Dr. McCready, No. 43  
East Twenty-third Street, New York.  
"More than two-thirds of all the sewing  
done in my family for the last two years has  
been done by Grover & Baker's Machine, and  
I never had a garment rip or need mending,  
except those rents which frolicsome boys will  
make in whole cloth. It is in my opinion by  
far the most valuable of any I have tried."  
—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine  
Company manufacture both the Elastic  
Stitch and Lock Stitch Machines, and  
offer the public a choice of the best ma-  
chines of both kinds, at their establish-  
ments in all the large cities, and through  
agencies in nearly all towns throughout  
the country. Price Lists and samples of  
sewing in both stitches furnished on ap-  
plication to Grover & Baker S. M. Co.,  
115 Market street, Harrisburg.  
April 27, 1870.

**A. B. FASICK.....JOHN NORTH.**  
**New Firm.**  
FASICK & NORTH,  
**BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,**  
MAIN STREET, MIFFLIN,  
In the Hotel Building of Mr. Albright.  
Having entered into partnership, we are now  
prepared to manufacture and have for sale  
all kinds of  
**BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,**  
FOR  
**GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.**  
Our work is all manufactured by ourselves,  
and we warrant it to be made of the best ma-  
terial. Our work sold at our counter will be  
repaid free of charge, should the stitching  
give way.  
Give us a call, for we feel confident that we  
can furnish you with any kind of work you  
may desire.  
Repairing done neatly and at reason-  
able rates.  
FASICK & NORTH,  
Aug 18, 1869-17.

**KOONS, SCHWARTZ & CO.,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
MACKEREL, SALMON, HERRING,  
SHAD,  
AND PROVISION GENERALLY,  
144 North Delaware Avenue, and  
137 North Water Street  
PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A.  
Aug 18 1869-17

**Post's Corner.**  
By Request,  
**THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.**  
In these beautiful mansions of glory,  
Whose wonders I'm longing to see,  
There's a room and a place that is waiting,  
Oh! yes, that is waiting for me.  
Cuo.—Yes, Oh! yes, there is room,  
No room for all in heaven;  
In those beautiful mansions of glory,  
There's a room, there's room for all.  
Oh, I fear I shall never be worthy  
Such holy communion to share;  
But I'll pray every day to my Father,  
To fit me to dwell with him there.  
Oh, I'm glad, yes, I'm glad that a Savior,  
To pardoning sinners was given;  
For His love and His pity secured me  
A share in the glories of love.  
'Tis the thought that sustains me in trial,  
And comforts when burdened with care,  
There is rest and a refuge in heaven,  
And oh! there is room for me there.  
Not a sigh nor a groan shall escape us,  
No tear drops of sorrow shall fall;  
There is peace and a joy that's eternal,  
In heaven—and there's room for us all.

**Select Story.**  
**THE UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.**  
"Make haste, gentlemen, the railway  
omnibus is waiting!" cried the voice of  
the hall porter at the "Royal Hotel," at  
Long Beach.  
A tall, and handsome young gentle-  
man, at the summons, came down the  
stairs, two steps at a time, and almost  
ran over a matronly lady, some years his  
senior, who was crossing the hall of the  
hotel.  
"What! going to leave us?" said the  
lady, in some surprise, and more meaning  
in her looks than in her words even.  
"Yes; it's no use," was the reply;  
"Thanks for your good wishes, which I  
can see in your looks," Mrs. Maxwell.  
But I am tired of playing the fool."  
"Pshaw!" said the lady, putting her  
arm familiarly into his, and leading him  
into the coffee-room, which, at that hour,  
was deserted. "Faint heart never won  
a fair lady," Mr. Hastings. Listen to me.  
The omnibus will wait a moment."  
"It's not question of faint heart," an-  
swered the gentleman. "But Kate won't  
have me. See here, Mrs. Maxwell, she  
refused me point blank last night."  
"And what if she did? I refused Mr.  
Maxwell the first time myself. It's a  
way some of our sex have. Come, stay,  
and try again."  
"I'm a proud man," was the reply,  
"and don't like being trifled with. But  
I'd stay if I thought it would do any good.  
But in vain. She isn't anywhere about,  
you see, though I told her I  
would go away to-day. And when  
I told her, she actually laughed. And  
yet confound her, I can't help loving  
her."  
Mrs. Maxwell would like to have laugh-  
ed also. But she knew better than to do  
it just yet.  
"She was a little hysterical or the  
stitch might have laughed," she said. "The  
truth is, Herbert, you are a pair of fools.  
You are proud, as you say, and don't  
brook refusals. Kate is, perhaps, a bit  
of a flirt, but I sincerely believe she  
loves you. All she needs is a little more  
urgency. You must storm the fortress  
till it surrenders. Give her no quarter;  
that is my advice," and now Mrs. Max-  
well, seeing his face brighten, ventured a  
laugh.  
It was a clear, musical laugh, and it  
cheered Herbert still more. He hesitat-  
ed. If another five minutes could have  
been prevailed. But at this moment a  
voice cried, "Here he is. Make haste,  
Hastings. We've looked for you every-  
where. The coachman says he cannot  
wait another moment. Ah, Mrs. Max-  
well, our holiday is over you see. Good  
bye."  
That interruption decided Herbert.  
He shook his head in reply to Mrs. Max-  
well's entreating look, wrung her hand,  
and dashed out of the coffee-room. The  
next minute the omnibus dashed away  
from the hotel.  
It was a mile to the station; and ere it  
was reached, Herbert half repented what  
he had done.  
"Perhaps I have been too hasty," he  
said to himself. "What if Mrs. Maxwell  
is right? I've a great mind to go back,  
he thought. "Hold on, driver," he cried,  
aloud. "I've changed my mind. Stop  
till I jump out."  
Before his companions could ask what  
he meant, he had left the omnibus and  
lit a cigar, and was plodding along the  
beach on his return to the hotel, carpet-  
bag in hand.  
Meanwhile, where was the offending  
Kate? To do her justice, she was not  
aware how much she loved Herbert Hast-  
ings until she had refused him. It was not  
altogether coquetry that led her to say  
"No." The answer had been given in  
the first surprise and embarrassment of  
the proposal. She was frightened to  
find, almost immediately, how much she  
misunderstood herself. She grew more  
and more embarrassed in consequence;

and her manner afterwards, at which  
Herbert took such offense, was, as Mrs.  
Maxwell had suggested, really the result  
of nervousness. Even before he left  
her, she bitterly repented what she had  
said.  
Had he persevered a little longer, she  
would have confessed the truth. She  
did not, however, believe he would leave  
Long Beach, even after he had said so.  
Hence, early in the morning she had  
started for a long walk on the sands,  
hoping to meet him there as usual; for  
hardly a day had passed within the last  
month that these two had not so met.  
"There was an old wreck, at that time,  
about a mile or more above the hotel,  
which had been a favorite haunt of theirs  
and thither she repaired. She tried to  
read till Herbert should appear; but her  
eyes wandered from her book continually.  
Meanwhile, an hour passed with-  
out Herbert appearing. Her heart be-  
gan to fail her. She spent the time ex-  
amining her real feelings; and the more  
she scrutinized the more she felt that her  
love had gone from her forever. By and  
by the hot tears began to come. She  
knew how proud Herbert Hastings was,  
and she said to herself he would never  
come back.  
The sea rolled heavily in; the wind  
blew fresh from the eastward; the sun  
shone dazzling bright. She gave up all  
hope at last, and began to walk back to-  
wards the hotel. But after awhile she  
sat down again on the beach above the  
sands. She would not yet abandon the  
chance of seeing him. Gradually she  
fell into a sort of reverie, and began, un-  
consciously to trace Herbert's name in  
the sand with the point of her parasol.  
It was at this juncture that Herbert,  
walking along the top of the beach, dis-  
covered her. His heart began to beat  
fast. Here was the chance he had wish-  
ed, yet dared not hope for. It surely  
was a favorable sign that she had gone  
to their usual rendezvous. He hastily  
bent his steps towards her.  
He thought she would bear him as he  
approached. But she did not. She was  
evidently too much absorbed; in what,  
however, he could not discover.—He  
came nearer and nearer. What with  
the roar of the surf and her own absorp-  
tion, Kate still remained unconscious of  
his presence. He approached so  
at last that he could look over her shoul-  
der. Blessed vision! Could he believe  
his own eyes! She was writing with  
her parasol in the sand the word—"Her-  
bert."  
His first impulse was to snatch her to  
his arms. He was loved, then! Mrs.  
Maxwell had been right.  
But he restrained himself, waiting  
with bated breath to see what she would  
do next.  
She did nothing for a moment. Then  
she sighed, and went on tracing slowly  
other words. They were—"Herbert, I  
love you!"  
Hastings could control himself no longer.  
Stooping over her, he caught Kate's  
face in his hands, and kissed her full  
on the lips. She sprang up, with a  
half scream, and turned to face him,  
angrily, for she did not suspect for a  
moment who it was. But when she recog-  
nized her lover, she blushed over throat,  
check, and brow even, and covering her  
face with both her hands, would have  
run away if Herbert had not been too  
quick for her.  
"Baring," he whispered, clasping her  
in his arms and drawing her to him,  
"heaven bless you for those words! I  
had come to try my fate once more. Say  
that dear confession over again."  
Kate was silent for awhile. But his  
caresses soon dried her tears, and made  
her forget her momentary shame. By  
and-by she looked up saucily, and ex-  
claimed, "Well listeners never hear any  
good of themselves, and if I'm such a  
flirt as Mrs. Maxwell tells me I am, you  
haven't much of a bargain. There; will  
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"Then you do love me?" insisted  
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Kate's eyes were full of mischief.  
"What is written on sand, you know,  
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But even as she spoke her sparkling  
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him with such love, that Herbert took her  
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What a happy hour it was that follow-  
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strand, far out of sight of any intruders,  
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"Ab! that first hour of mutually ac-  
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Mrs. Maxwell happened to be stand-  
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"Ah, you're back again, Mr. Hastings,"  
she said. "I thought you'd such imper-  
ative business in town, that if you didn't  
get there to-day, the world would come  
to an end. And you, Kate, my dear,

you said you had a dreadful headache.  
Will walking in the sun cure it, child?  
Bless me! how red your cheeks are!  
Really you must use some violet powder!"  
Kate stayed to hear no more of this  
badinage. Taking her arm, she hastily  
front Herbert's, though not without a  
last look of love, she fled up the stair-  
case like a frightened deer. Mrs. Max-  
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she was out of sight. Then she turned  
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"I congratulate you," she said, press-  
ing his hand warmly. "You've won a  
royal treasure. So much, too, for taking  
an old woman's advice."  
"I wish all old women, as you call  
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one I know," answered Herbert, gallant-  
ly kissing her hand. "But how did it  
come about?"  
"Ah! that's my secret," answered Her-  
bert, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.  
And to this day he has never betray-  
ed Kate. Only he said she "knew in  
what way she made her unconscious con-  
fession."  
**Vast Fields of Diamonds.**  
"The Dear of Grahamstown," writing  
from Cape Colony to one of our English  
exchanges, gives the following account of  
the great diamond fields lately discover-  
ed near the Cape of Good Hope. The  
Dean says:—  
"Diamond fields, no! is now the cry  
from every town in the colony. There  
seems practically as yet no limit to the  
extent of room. All the information so  
far, leads to the conclusion that there is  
quite as ample room for 200,000; we  
live certainly in marvelous times;  
wonder succeeds wonder with astonish-  
ing rapidity. Gold-diggers and dia-  
mond fields! Men and woman ought surely  
to be supremely happy.  
But let us have Dean William's descrip-  
tion.—"This large tract of country,  
washed by the Vaal and the Orange riv-  
ers, and without any reliably assignable  
limits as yet, for diamond parties have  
found gems glittering on the very surface  
within three days' hard riding of one an-  
other, not to mention the large supplies  
found in clay and gravel deposits turned  
up by the pick, a foot or two below the  
ground, after a few days of unskilled  
search—is in every sense of the word, a  
diamond field or diamond country—not a  
diamond mine. The mine as yet, if there  
be any, is not in the least degree trac-  
able. All that is certain is that there  
the precious gems are on the surface  
and close to the surface, spread over an  
area of hundreds of square miles that  
were uninhabited and unnoticed until  
within the last two months. There the  
precious gems are unearthed now and  
found every day by the simple process  
of washing and sifting the rubbish, and  
thither a population with picks and shov-  
els and rakes is rapidly following from  
every—even the most distant town of  
the colony." And he adds:—"It is  
known to us that single stones have been  
picked up already by individuals, for  
which thousands of pounds have changed  
hands on the fields."  
**WHY IS LACE COSTLY?**—Many people  
wonder why what is termed real lace,  
as lace made by hand is called, distin-  
guish it from that made by machine,  
which is called imitation—is so costly.  
The following paragraphs from a foreign  
exchange explains this reason:  
"The manufacture of lace is carried to  
its highest perfection in Belgium. The  
finest specimen of Brussels lace is so  
I had come to try my fate once more. Say  
that dear confession over again."  
Kate was silent for awhile. But his  
caresses soon dried her tears, and made  
her forget her momentary shame. By  
and-by she looked up saucily, and ex-  
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